Slen. I'faith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*, you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Slen. Truely I will not goe firſt, truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome, you do your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euan. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which

which is the way; and ther
which is in the manner of h
his Cooke; or his Laundry
Si. Well Sir.
Euan. Nay, it is petter ye
a'oman that altogeathers ac
Page; and the Letter is to deſ
your Maſters deſires, to Miſt
gon: I will make an end of n
Cheeſe to come.

Scena T

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bard

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Gart*
Ho. What ſaies my Bully
wiſely.
Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I
followers.
Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Herc*
trot, trot.
Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a we
Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (
will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he ſh
well (bully *Hector*?)
Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *H*
Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him
and liue: *I* am at a word: foll
Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him
old Cloake, makes a new Jerk
freſh Tapſter; goe, adew.
Ba. It is a life that *I* haue d
Piſt. O baſe hungarian wig
Ni. He was gotten in drin
Fal. *I* am glad *I* am ſo a
Theſts were too open, his fi
Singer, he kept not time.